

The Notre Dame Scholastic

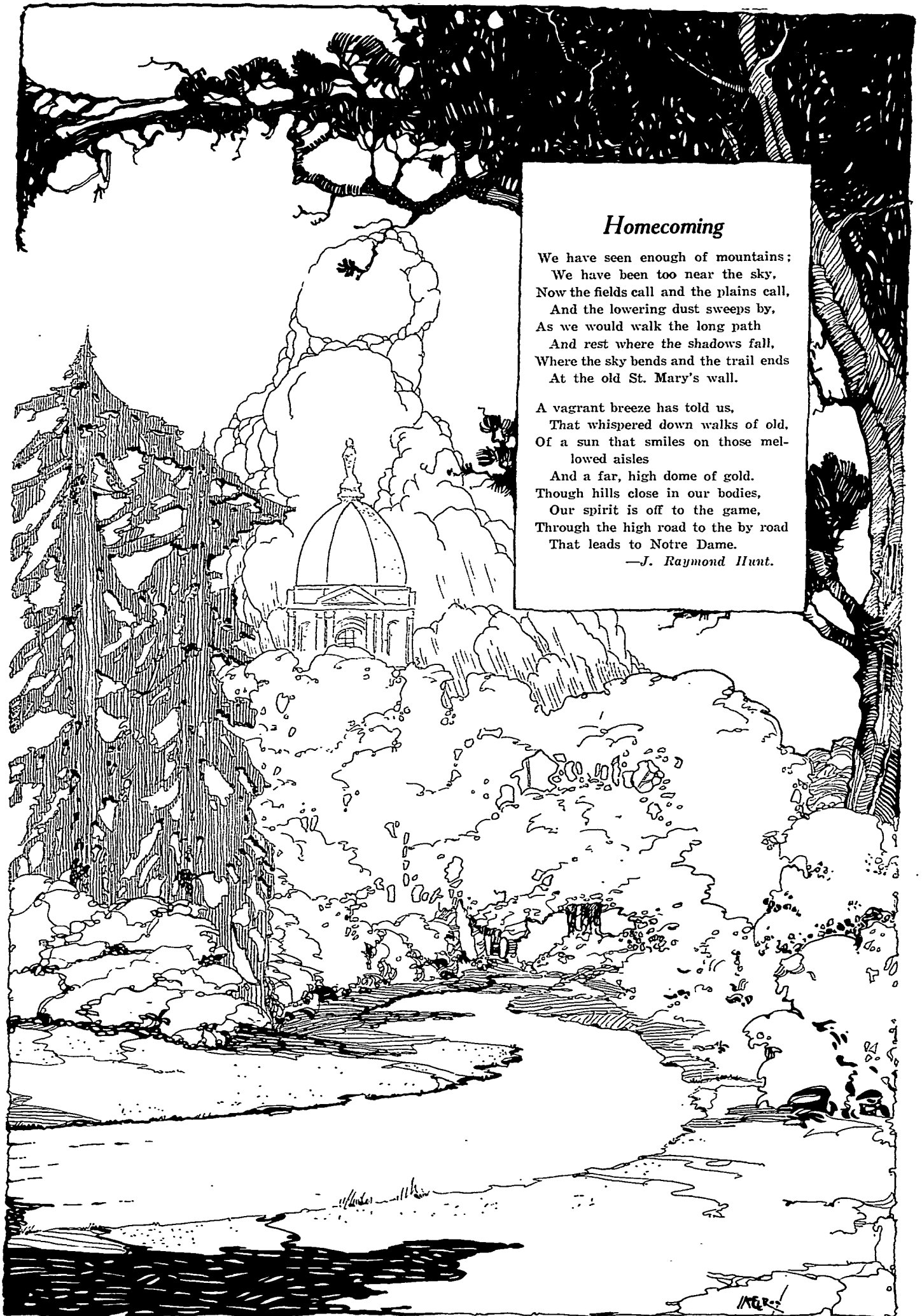
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*The advertiser in Notre Dame publications
deserves the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



Homecoming

We have seen enough of mountains;
We have been too near the sky.
Now the fields call and the plains call,
And the lowering dust sweeps by,
As we would walk the long path
And rest where the shadows fall,
Where the sky bends and the trail ends
At the old St. Mary's wall.

A vagrant breeze has told us,
That whispered down walks of old,
Of a sun that smiles on those mel-
lowed aisles

And a far, high dome of gold.
Though hills close in our bodies,
Our spirit is off to the game,
Through the high road to the by road
That leads to Notre Dame.

—J. Raymond Hunt.

...THE WEEK...

THE old grads find that the home fires have been kept burning. In fact the progress of Notre Dame life has followed the progress of light from the one-candle power stage, through the period when Freshmen had to be warned against blowing out the gas, to the present period when the prefects rule with a "switch."

Many a gray-haired graduate would gasp if he could read the list of campus clubs—the Minnesota Club with its battle cry of "Oh Minn!"; the New Jersey Club, led by its trained mosquito mascot; the Missourians Sceptic Society; the Monogram Club hanging out the S. R. O. sign; the Scribblers, publishing compilations of Notre Dame literature; the Engineers staging "shocking" initiations; and other organizations of various interests.

One thing remains a "transcendental property"—the spirit of Notre Dame. There have been accidental changes, in the size of the student body, the size of the team, the size of the field, the coach, the opponents, the publicity, but the old substance is still there, the old fight that transferred the jinx from Michigan to the Army. There are more lungs here now, but we believe with the old grads, that the yelling capacity per lung isn't any greater. The same spirit that kept Notre Dame alive in the greatest adversities of her earlier stages still exists.

There is much that is new to those long absent. New buildings, new faces about the campus, new teachers, new names common in conversation, greet the alumnus. Some of them represent changes that bring him a pang of sorrow or regret for the death or removal of some loved person or landmark of his own Notre Dame Days. Others bring him a warm glow of pleasure as he sees evi-

dences in the improvements and new buildings of the materialization of the Greater Notre Dame.

Some of the alumni are interested in the football team. The rest will gather in a chair some place Saturday afternoon and wish *he* were. As for the team—if actions speak louder than words, their work already would make the recent Democratic convention seem like the study period at a deaf and dumb school. The opinion is becoming more widespread that the backfield men are direct lineal descendants of Samson, Napoleon, and Charley Paddock. But why gild the lily?

Those who are coming back today will tell us what Notre Dame has been. We who are here can tell them what Notre Dame is. And by comparing notes we may get some idea of what Notre Dame will be. But no matter how much the activities of campus life expand, no matter how many students are registered, how many new buildings are built, how many superficial changes are made—the old grad knows now, and may we know in Homecomings of tomorrow, that the Notre Dame student is "just the younger brother of the boys we used to know."

And now, in case anyone is reading this, we feel that it is the better part of valor to gracefully release the attention so that the valuable and highly interesting preparations made by the S. A. C. through the medium of the Blue Circle and other campus organizations may come in for the praise which is their due. The reception committees, the decorations committees, the entertainment committees, the Notre Dame students as a whole, are deserving of thanks, even while the echoes of the welcome to the old grads still remain.

Notre Dame Greets You

—o—

BY REV. JOSEPH BURKE, C. S. C.

To her beloved Alumni, old students, and many friends, Notre Dame extends today a most cordial welcome. She is always glad to have you here, and she is doubly glad to have you at this Homecoming time.

Notre Dame has changed in many respects within the last few years. She has grown into a large and well organized University, with more than 2100 students. There is a good 800 in the Freshman Class alone. Several new buildings have been erected on the campus and many professors have been added to the Faculty. Even the method of illuminating the Dome has been changed. Students enjoy many more liberties than those of former years and the Disciplinarian may take his hours of rest as any other man. There are numerous other changes, but the heart of Notre Dame is ever the same. It is the same big, generous heart that gave you comfort in the days when first you came to know her, the same heart that gave you inspiration when you came to know her better. That heart of hers is unusually glad today because of your presence.

Notre Dame is proud of her Alumni and old students and loves them. They have proved themselves worthy sons, and hence her pride; they have been thoughtful and loyal, helpful and always kind, and hence her love for them. Notre Dame is more than happy in the success of the men whom she trained in their youth for the battle of life as Christian Americans. She wishes them continued success and happiness.

In paying a tribute to her football team, a well-known writer on sports has observed that "Notre Dame has caught the popular fancy." In numerous other and more significant ways she has acquired distinction as one of the foremost schools of the country. She is no longer the obscure school "somewhere in Indiana." She is happy in this distinction, because of the greater good it enables her to accomplish and because of the joy that her success brings to the hearts of her Alumni.

Today your Alma Mater extends to you her greetings, and bids you a hearty "welcome home." Would that you might tarry longer within the gates.

THE 1924 HOMECOMING

The Homecoming plans for this year, particularly those of the Reception and Entertainment committees of the Blue Circle, are said to be the most extensive and complete of any ever formulated. Everything within the range of the imaginations now upon the campus has been considered, and neither expense or effort has been spared to make the Homecoming of 1924-25 a memorable one.

No matter what railroad the Notre Dame visitor takes into South Bend he will be met at the station by members of the reception committee aided by representatives of the various state and city clubs. He will be presented with a Homecoming badge, reading "*Notre Dame and South Bend Welcome You,*" given any information and courtesy that he may desire and directed to one of the hotels. If he has no reservation at a hotel he will, if he chooses, be given a room in one of the South Bend homes that have been generously offered by the townfolks. Information booths will serve him in all hotels with a central office at the Oliver. He may exchange game tickets there, locate friends, and use its services.



RAY CUNNINGHAM
Reception

Friday night the entertainment begins. Unlike previous years the big demonstration will be held on the campus. The first big event of the evening will be a monster reception to the Georgia Tech team in front of the Main building. At 6:45 the band will lead a red light procession around to the various halls where the students will fall in line. Finally, headed by the men of Sorin, the group will assemble on the lawn in front of the glowing Dome to give a demonstration for the visiting team. The whole affair will be a spectacular display of glaring color and noisy enthusiasm.

Then there comes the inauguration of a new tradition at Notre Dame—the Homecoming bonfire with the burning in effigy of our football foes. Enthusiasm for this spectacle has been aroused by allowing each hall to collect its own pile of wood. As an additional incentive to hall spirit a prize will be

awarded to the hall collecting the greatest pile around its allotted stake. The bonfire will be burnt on the old football field—the open space between Chemistry Hall and the Gymnasium. This part of the celebration is expected to give the final touch to the previous football victories of the season.

The celebrating throngs will then move over to the large stage erected outside the Gym alongside of the barbecue fires. Here entertainment of a novel sort will be offered. Ample seating accommodations are promised. One will hear the few words needed to start properly the barbecue to be held in the morning. Notre Dame's first football team, the team of 1887, will be presented. Perce Connelly's Big Five orchestra will orchestrate. A novelty in the way of a Saxophone Symphony will be presented. A Fat Men's Revue will cause the stage to groan and the audience to rock with laughter. The Varsity Quartet will sing songs of the colleges and tunes of the day.

Following this there will be the big S. A. C. Homecoming dance at the Palais Royale for the devotee's of Terpsichore. At the same time the finals for the Boxing Championship of Notre Dame will be run off in the Gymnasium under the direction of Charlie Springer and Rip Miller. There will be no charge for this exhibition of the boxing "Fightin' Irish."



HARRY M'QUIRE
Entertainment

The Barbecue, a homecoming institution, will take place outside the Gym, beginning promptly at 11 o'clock and continuing until 1:15. The Barbecue is the result of the work of the Blue Circle and the Rocky Mountain club, assisted by the generosity of Ollie Clark. The News-Times Boys Band and the Studebaker Band will play on this occasion. Saturday morning's slogan will be: "I'll see you at the Barbecue."

And now there comes the biggest moment of Homecoming—the game. Because of the nature of the plans it is possible only to advise you that you be in your seats before the teams come on the field.

...And the glories of that afternoon you shall witness yourselves...

THE TEAM OF '87

NOTRE DAME'S first football team will come back this week to be honored by the squad that this year is carrying the Gold and Blue to national gridiron supremacy.

*"It will be as turning back the laureled pages of Notre Dame's football history almost two-score years. For the team of 1887-88 gave Notre Dame its baptism in football.

From far away, inland Washington, down to Texas and east to Michigan, the 'grand old team' will assemble. Every player, but one, has been reached and has promised to attend the reunion.

Capitalists, judges, high army officers, physicians and business men are these old Notre Dame men—successful in many lines of endeavor.

The personnel of the team is—

Dr. H. B. Luhn, captain and half-back—

H. M. "Hal" Jewett, halfback—President of the Paige Motor Company, Detroit, Mich. physician and surgeon, Spokane, Wash.

Joseph E. Cusack, quarterback—Colonel U. S. Cavalry, El Paso, Texas.

George A. Houck, tackle—Retired cattle man, Portland, Oregon.

Joseph L. Hepburn, end—Insurance business, Detroit, Mich.

Edward "Sim" Sawkins, guard—Sanitary officer, Detroit, Mich.

Frank "Dutch" Fehr, center—Capitalist, Louisville, Ky.

F. H. "Dad" Springer, end—Columbus, Ga.

Ed. Prudhomme, fullback—Member of the Legislature, Bermuda, La.

Patrick J. Nelson, guard—Judge of the District Court of Iowa, Dubuque, Iowa.

Eugene P. "Butch" Melady, tackle—Meat packing business, Omaha, Neb.

How many will be the reminiscences of these old teammates as they gather at the banquet table—some of them to meet again for the first time since they fought for Notre Dame in 1887-88? And what a change they will see in comparing their old team with the brilliant Rockne eleven of to-day!

It has been suggested that a feature of the unique reunion and home-coming be a one-minute scrimmage between the boys of '87 and the present varsity. Perhaps such an event will materialize, but Dr. Luhn, of Spokane, Wash., captain of the "first" N-D team, says it would be "just one minute too long" for him.

The idea of the reunion of the old team germinated in the mind of Dr. Luhn. Ten months ago he wrote to his teammates, suggesting that they gather at Notre Dame this November 1st. His response was gratifying. He was able to reach every member of his team except "Dad" Springer, of Columbus, Ga. Ten members of the original team will be present in addition to many other old grads of early Notre Dame days.

No squads of forty, fifty and sixty players in the days of '87-88. There were only eleven suits in the university and therefore only eleven men on the squad.

Dr. Luhn was captain and coach of the team. The first Notre Dame team played two games the Spring of 1888. Both were with the University of Michigan. And Michigan won both, 24 to 6 and 4 to 0.

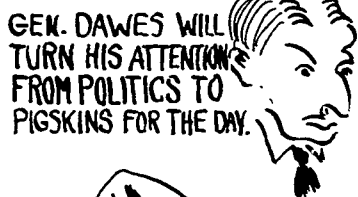
No padded pants, no shoulder pads or elbow guards were worn in those days. The suits were of canvas similar to those worn by baseball players to-day. The game in those days, according to Dr. Luhn, was far more open than to-day. There were no mass formations or forward passes in the early days of the game. Kicking and end running were plays used frequently.

Another far-western man who played on Notre Dame's first team will accompany Dr. Luhn back to South Bend. He is George A. Houck, of Portland, Oregon. He states that the game in the old days was far rougher than as played to-day. The contests, he explained, were divided into 45-minute periods. A paid coach was unknown then and the players practiced against other students in school without knowing any of the rudiments of the game."

* The greater part of this article is taken from the I. N. S.



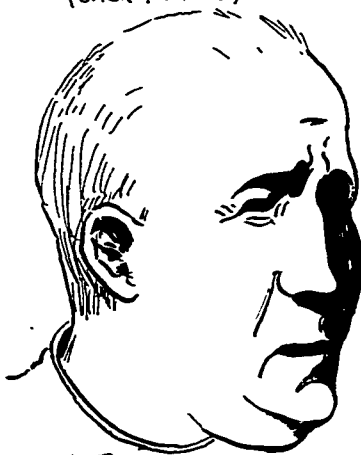
THE FIRST "FIGHTIN' IRISH" SQUAD WILL BE BACK TO SEE WHAT THEY STARTED.
(BACK IN 1887)



GEN. DAWES WILL TURN HIS ATTENTION FROM POLITICS TO PIGSKINS FOR THE DAY.



FROM THE WILD AND WOOLLY FAR WEST COMES A BARBECUE TREAT OF THE BEST.



ROCKNE—
THE "WONDER" COACH WHO KEEPS 'EM ALL WONDERING



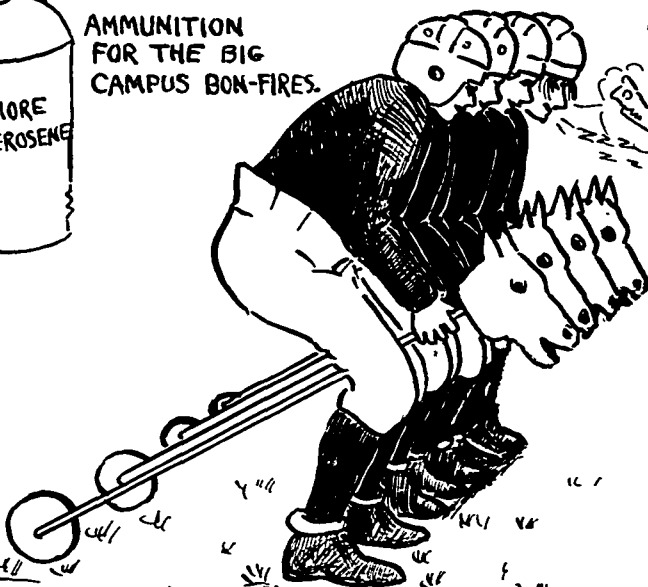
THE "COLONEL" ALSO WILL BE THERE FROM THE KICK-OFF.



"LET GEORGE DO IT" THEY SAY—AND BISCHOFF DOES.



AMMUNITION FOR THE BIG CAMPUS BON-FIRES.



THE MODERN APOCALYPSE RIDERS—MILLER, LAYDEN, STUHLREHER, AND OUR 'WIDE-AWAKE' JIMMY, RARIN' TO GO.



THOSE CONSPICUOUS BUTTONS OF WELCOME ON EVERY COAT LAPEL.



TO SCALLAN AND THE BLUE CIRCLE CREDIT FOR THIS SUCCESSFUL HOMECOMING IS DUE.
RAY, CUNNINGHAM—

THERE'S HOMECOMING IN THE N.D. ATMOSPHERE

S. A. C. NOTES

The Students Activities Council, under the leadership of Chairman George Bischoff, has worked this year to make the Homecoming of 1924 surpass the Homecomings of the past. By the careful and efficient selection of committees, and with the aid of the Blue Circle, unusually extensive and interesting plans have been successfully carried out.



GEORGE BISCHOFF

As announced previously the S. A. C. Homecoming dance will take place at the Palais Royale, Friday night beginning at 8:30. Music by the Miami Lucky Seven!

—NDS—

Sale of tags to send the Band to Wisconsin was begun last night when all the halls were canvassed. It was continued today and will go on through tomorrow. A quarter is the usual donation.

Friday will be the last day for the sale of the Wisconsin trip tickets. This ruling is made necessary because of the fact that all unsold tickets must be returned to Madison a week before the game.

—NDS—

Inquiries have been made regarding automobile trips to Madison. The faculty regulation prohibiting such trips was made in the hope of preventing such accidents as those which have occurred recently when students of other universities adopted the motor means of transportation.

CLUBS DONATE BADGES

An example of South Bend's coöperation in Homecoming is the donation by the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs of ten thousand "Welcome" badges to be distributed among the Homecoming crowds. Ray Cunningham, in charge of alumni reception for the Blue Circle, secured the donations.



Colonel William Hoynes, whose genial personality and high hat have been familiar features of every Homecoming.

THE BLUE CIRCLE

Much of the success of the present Homecoming is due to the untiring efforts of the Blue Circle, a group of Notre Dame men appointed each year by the S. A. C. to serve as a boosters' club on the campus. The success of this project and others undertaken by the Circle attest the merits and abilities of the members. The Blue Circle is headed this year by Jack Scallan. The following is the personnel of the Homecoming committees:

Entertainment Committee: — Harry A. McGuire, chairman; Vincent Schneider, John Elliott, John McNamee, Dan O'Neill, George Schill, Al. Hockwalt, James Coleman, Thos. Farrell, John Gallagher, Horace Spiller, Leroy Hebbert, Jack Flynn, Eustace Culinane, and John F. Stoeckley.

Decoration Committee: — John Hurley, chairman; Walter Cyr, Harold Watson, Ed. Crowe, Walter Haecker, Al. Sommer, Paul Hartman, Milton Leach, James McQuain and Robert North.

Reception Committee: — Ray Cunningham, chairman; Charles Donahue, Herman Centlivre, Paul Dooley, Wm. Hurley, Robt. Klug, Lester Lovier, Frank Murray, Henry Hudson, John Kane, John Lynch, Don Ryan and John Butler.

Traffic Committee: — John Kilkenney, chairman; Mike Neitzel, Dutton Griffen, Don Aigner, Donald Bisset, Ed. Duggan, Firmin Fusz, Edwin Rowley and Jerome Benning.

SPIRITUALITIES

REV. JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.

The Happy Coincidence.

Homecoming this year falls on All Saints' Day. It is only a coincidence, but it is a happy one. It gives us thought for the spiritual significance of Homecoming.

—NDS—

The Meaning of the Feast.

In the Apostles' Creed we say, "I believe in the Communion of Saints." The catechism tells us that the Communion of Saints means the union of all the faithful in heaven, on earth and in purgatory—a union in which we share in the good offices of one another. On November First we honor the Church Triumphant, the multitude of those who have fought the good fight and have gone before us to enjoy God; we honor them, we draw inspiration from their good example, and we ask their protection.

—NDS—

Coming Home.

Notre Dame is no better than the Catholic Church, and what Our Lord prophesied of the Church we may expect to find worked out at Notre Dame. There are fishes great and small, there is wisdom, there is folly, there is cockle among the wheat, there is always the guest who has not a wedding garment. Dedicated to the Mother of God, this school stands only for the highest ideals of Catholic education, but her broad, motherly bosom offers a refuge to all who come.

—NDS—

Homecoming Today.

The beautiful thought behind the family reunion or the homecoming is that it is good for a man to return from time to time to the original source of his inspiration, there to be renewed in spirit. The world is practical,

which means harsh, cruel, skeptical, coarse. It has no time for ideals. One must get away from the world now and then if he would keep those ideals which make paramount his spiritual interests. It is in this spirit that Notre Dame calls you back home: the fruit you draw from the visit will depend upon the spirit in which you respond to her invitation.

—NDS—

The Final Homecoming.

"Strive to enter by the narrow gate; for many, I say to you, shall seek to enter, and shall not be able.

"But when the master of the house shall be gone in, and shall shut the door, you shall begin to stand without, and knock at the door, saying: Lord, open to us. And he answering, shall say to you: I know you not whence you are.

"Then you shall begin to say: We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou has taught in our streets.

"And he shall say to you: I know you not, whence you are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.

"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when you shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.

"And they shall come from the east and the west, and the north and the south; and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.

"And behold, they are last that shall be first; and they are first that shall be last."

—Luke, xiii, 24-30.

THE JUGGLER PASSES IN REVIEW.

The *Juggler* of Notre Dame has presented his first performance of the year and it has been pronounced his greatest. Dan D. Hickey, '25, has begun his second year as editor with the publication of the "Freshman Number" now on the news-stands.



DAN D. HICKEY, '25

From the attractive cover design by Wilbur McElroy, '26, art editor, to the last exchange joke among the ads the book is interesting, novel, and well-edited. There have been several appointments to the staff of the *Juggler*: John F. Stoeckley, James F. Armstrong, Joseph D. Shelley, John W. Snakard, John Purcell, and Francis C. Miller have been made associate editors. The Funny Fellow comments: "Real humorists, these, and worthy of their new place in the sun."

Anselm Miller, '25, is capably filling the position of business manager, to judge by the high standard of the advertising displayed. Paul Rahe, '25, is taking care of the circulation and receives subscriptions at his room in Sorin Hall. Lester Grady, '27, has been added to the art staff.

The book contains much clever art work, some by new arrivals with the pen and brush. The work of Quigley and Harwood is particularly deserving of praise. Notre Dame's master artist, McElroy, adds new laurels to his fame by several sketches.

The written humor is well-done, and shows a refreshing tendency away from the slap-

stick brand so prevalent in the average comic. The verse of Norbert Engels adds a note that fits in admirably with the straight "smile-stuff."

After glancing through the November number of the *Juggler*, one feels that the reputation of the humorists of Notre Dame is in safe hands, and that the continued success of the *Juggler* is assured.

FROSH ELECTION BATTLES END

Activities of the class of '28 were launched with a boom on Monday when election of the class officers was held in Washington Hall under the direction of the election committee of the S. A. C. The entire balloting was spirited and the final tallies showed that but a few points separated the winners from their less fortunate classmates who offered opposition.

Edward Collins, of Chicago, had little trouble in defeating Morris Conley, Fulton, New York, for the coveted berth as President. Collins, who is a resident of Freshman Hall has proved himself a capable leader and student during his short stay on the campus and the honor which has been conferred upon him, serves in a measure, as a suitable reward for his services rendered the Freshmen thus far in the year.

The contest for Vice-President was bitterly fought between John T. Cullinan, of Bridgeport, Conn., and Thomas Murphy of Indianapolis. The results showed Murphy a victor with thirteen votes over his Brownson Hall opponent. Francis X. O'Brien of East Rochester, New York, was elected Secretary over Edward McGauley, Worchester, Massachusetts. The most spirited battle was waged between Joseph Beaudreaux of New Orleans, Louisiana, and John Lavell of Chicago for the treasurer's office. Two votes separated the candidates and it was only after a careful survey of the ballots that Beaudreaux was found to have been elected.

It is probable that a meeting of the newly organized class will be called within a few days and at that time President-elect Collins will introduce to the Freshman class the officers with whom he will serve for the remainder of the scholastic year.

WITH THE CLUBMEN

When the NEW YORK STATE CLUB held its first meeting two weeks ago the following officers were elected:

Paul D. Hoeffler of Buffalo, Pres.; Joe. J. Scalise, of Geneva, Vice-Pres.; Maurice Smith of Johnson City, Sec.; and Ed. Byrne of Syracuse, Treas.

Another meeting was held Oct. 24 to discuss plans for a smoker which will be held in a few weeks. A large number of freshmen were present, but more are hoped for at the following meetings. Upper-classmen and freshmen from the State are urged to come and talk things over.

—N D S—

Wednesday evening, October 22, the third and most successful meeting of the NOTRE DAME FORUM was held in the Law Building. Thirty-five students heard the debate on the question: "Resolved: That the tax on land improvements and on personal property be shifted to land." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. Droge, while the negative side was maintained by Mr. John Griffin and Mr. Charles Smith.

Debates will not compose the usual program of the FORUM this year. Extemporaneous talks by the various members regarding present day questions will hold first importance. As a start in this direction the program committee has decided that on Wednesday, October 29, the subject of Capital Punishment will be discussed.

The officers of the FORUM this year are: Mr. Charles Sollo, president; Mr. John Quigley, vice-president; Mr. Maurice Welsh, secretary and treasurer; Mr. Keith Roche, publicity agent. Students who are interested in the art of public speech are requested to attend any of the FORUM meetings.

—N D S—

The LA SALLE COUNTY CLUB held a meeting recently at which the following officers were elected for the present scholastic year: James Solon, president; William Dooley, vice-president; Francis Cody, secretary; and George Hartnett, treasurer. The newly-elected officers have started arrange-

ments for the annual Christmas dance which is to be held in La Salle.

—N D S—

President Joseph P. Burke of the METROPOLITAN CLUB has announced the following committees for the Christmas dance which is to be held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, December 29: Favors: John P. McKenna, chairman; Jack Grunning and Joseph Vergara; tickets: Ed. Byrne, chairman; Paul Broderick and Charles Judge; Music: George Vergara, chairman; William Reid, and Joseph Shanley; Reception: James Dwyer, chairman; Thomas Burke and Jack Flynn; Hall: Jack Adams, chairman; James Whelan and Ed. Broderick; Publicity: J. Nobert Gelson, chairman; Lester Grady and Daniel Cunningham; Decorations: Edward Fallon, chairman; Frank Goggins and Joseph Flynn; Freshman Boosters: Edward Cunningham, chairman; Jack LaVelle, Bill McCleary, Al. Taylor and H. F. McCabe.

The dance is to be formal at five dollars a bid.

—N D S—

The TWIN CITY NOTRE DAME CLUB, composed of alumni living in Minneapolis and St. Paul, held a dinner on October 23 at which plans were discussed for attendance at the Wisconsin game on November 8. The members will dine together again on November 5 and these plans will be completed then.

These men also assembled on the last two Saturdays to receive direct reports of the Army and Princeton games. On the latter day the Princeton alumni of the vicinity were invited to attend the meeting. Jim Swift, chairman of the S. A. C. last year is one of the leading lights of the Twin City club.

—N D S—

THE SCRIBBLERS met Wednesday evening, October 22, in the K. C. council chambers. The meeting was devoted to the discussion of the one-act play contest and the poetry contest now being conducted by the club. Papers were also read—a sketch by Lester Grady and a short story by Francis

Miller. The one-act play contest closes November 8th.

—NDS—

Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., dean of the college of Arts and Letters, spoke at the regular meeting of the Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday evening in the council chambers. The usual smokes and eats were distributed.

The newly organized Knights of Columbus orchestra furnished music.

—NDS—

"The more the merrier" was again brought to a successful test at the MINNESOTA CLUB banquet held at Robertson's Tea Rooms, Tuesday evening, October 21. An excessively peppy spirit vied with good attendance for the honors of the evening. This is the first of a series of such events to be held monthly. Although the club has the same number of members as it had last year it is its intention that the organization become better known than in recent years. The S. A. C. has included the Minnesota Club in its program to help keep Notre Dame active and interesting during the Homecoming celebration.

—NDS—

Engineers Initiate.

The ENGINEERS CLUB, headed by Daniel O'Neil, staged a very successful smoker and initiation in the gymnasium Wednesday evening, October 22. Nearly one hundred and eighty members attended, including sixty freshmen. The initiation brought to light a large amount of hidden talent; the Club suffers from no lack of trapeze artists. Under duress, the new members agreed to contribute to a special fund.

Father Thomas Irving gave an interesting talk in which he advocated the establishment of a pre-Engineering course similar to the Pre-Medic and pre-Law courses. This would provide a broader cultural basis for students of Engineering. Dean Martin McCue also spoke. Plans were made for the decoration of the Engineering Building for Homecoming. Cider and doughnuts were served after the conclusion of the program.

Clarence Kaiser, general chairman, was aided by the following committee chairmen:

Entertainment, George Ludwig; Reception, George Driscoll; Decoration, George Rohrbach; Tickets, Austin Reilly.

—NDS—

Members of the Texas Club held a banquet at the Oliver Wednesday night. The officers of the club are: Edwin Rowley, Pres.; John Snakard, Vice-Pres.; Francis Leary, Sec.-Treas.

CARDINAL HAYES HONORS THE TEAM

The spiritual significance of Notre Dame's football record was never more prettily emphasized than last Sunday in New York when, at the invitation of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, the members of the team attended the Cardinal's Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral and were received in audience by him after the Mass.

Monsignor Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, paid a remarkable tribute to Notre Dame in his sermon, which stressed the all-important part which daily Communion plays in the university's program of character-building.

At the reception His Eminence, after revealing himself as an interested follower of Notre Dame's athletic fortunes, presented each member of the team with a rosary blessed by the Pope as a souvenir of the occasion. The members of the party were then served with breakfast in the Cathedral rectory.

Father Walsh, president of the university, and Father Michael J. Shea, of the Class of 1904, accompanied the team in the visit to the Cardinal. Father Shea has acted as spiritual sponsor to the team on its eastern invasion, and to him and Msgr. Lavelle the university is indebted for the distinguished honor which completed this year's triumph over the East.

The Yellow Cab Company assisted the Decoration Committee of the Blue Circle by supplying Homecoming decorations and signs.

Mr. O. A. Clarke has Donated 300 pounds of young beef for the Homecoming Barbecue.

HOMECOMING DECORATIONS

Retention of the natural beauty of the campus will be the aim of the Homecoming Decoration committee this year. Nothing will be done to mar that beauty and decorativeness which nature has so ably supplied. Instead of the usual banner bearing 'Welcome' the homecoming grads will be greeted with a romanesque arch which will be erected between the Postoffice and the Off-Campus office. This arch will be of lattice construction interlaced with foliage and bearing Notre Dame pennants. Across the top will be expressed the feeling of the whole campus by means of a banner bearing "WELCOME" in blue and gold lettering. Charles Mouch, '25, is responsible for the design of the arch and its erection.

A special feature of the decoration on the campus will be the erection of ten flag poles, donated by the Smoger Lumber Co. of South Bend, on which will be raised the flags of Notre Dame's opponents on the gridiron this year.

Downtown merchants have as usual entered into the spirit of the occasion and will vie with each other for the best decorated building. Spaulding Brothers have donated a prize for this feature. The Studebaker Corporation will have large signs on the buildings facing the Vandalia and the New York Central Stations welcoming the incoming guests. All the Yellow cabs will bear some welcoming insignia.

PROF. HAMEL'S MOTHER DIES

Professor Hamel of the Arts and Letters Department was summoned home Saturday afternoon by the death of his mother in Minneapolis, Minn. Mrs. Hamel was 60 years of age. Her death was due to heart failure. She had suffered from pulmonary trouble for some time. Besides Professor Hamel of Notre Dame, there is another son, a doctor in Minneapolis, and a younger daughter, a student at the University of Minnesota, surviving her.



Tim Galvin, LL. B. '16, of Hammond, Indiana. Tim is back for Homecoming this year with his brother and law partner, Frank Galvin, LL. B. '23

VILLAGERS MEET TEAM

The Georgia Tech team will be welcomed Friday, upon its arrival in South Bend, by the Notre Dame Villagers. A caravan of twenty-five cars will form a procession of honor through the city. Each car will be decorated with large banners and the colors of the two schools.

John F. Stoeckley, chairman of the arrangement committee, announces that the following club members have offered the use of their cars, for this demonstration; Joseph Miller, Daniel Kelly, Walter Condon, George Farrage, Arthur Sheer, Wililam Reasor, John Prince, Edward Ahlering, Lester Wolf, Edmund Luther, Burton Toepp, John Warden, Maxwell Nikhart, Michael Nyikos, Sidney Eder, Charles Glueckert, John Stoeckley, Ulysses Rothballer, Earnest Wilhelm, Thomas, Hogan Carl Kemps.

A short business meeting of the Villagers Club will be held at seven-thirty, Monday evening, November 3, at the Chamber of Commerce. This will be the regular meeting for the month of November and every member is urged to be present.

"Robinson Crusoe," a movie starring Jackie Coogan, will be shown in Washington Hall, Saturday night at eight o'clock.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SCHOLASTIC

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is the official publication of the Notre Dame campus. It is a combination weekly containing what is latest and most important in news and what is best in literature on the campus. Special departments, some not included in the Homecoming issue, deal with Books,, The Theatre, Other Presses, Spiritualities, Sports, etc. The subscription price has been placed at only two dollars the year because it is the hope of the administration of the University that every student on the campus, and every alumnus, will take this opportunity to establish close contact with Notre Dame life.

TEAR HERE

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

DATE.....192.....

Please enter my subscription for THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC to be mailed to the address given below. I enclose check for \$2.50, (.50 mailing charges).

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

THANKS, FATHER!

This matter of publishing a college weekly is not so easy or so replete with tokens of encouragement that we feel it a waste of space to dedicate these few lines to purposes of thanksgiving: A word of thanks and appreciation then to Father Hugh O'Donnell and Father Dominic O'Malley, for their assistance in securing a publication room for the staff of the SCHOLASTIC.

And, speaking of the SCHOLASTIC office, the new "at home" hours are between two and four every afternoon. Campus writers who have hitherto concealed themselves, as well as certain members of the staff whose names we shall not unkindly mention, are requested to call some afternoon soon.

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-:- EDITORIAL -:-

YE OLD GRADS!

YOU who come back to Notre Dame, whether it be after one year's absence or twenty, will fancy that you find it changed—and yet the same. You will walk the old familiar paths expecting to find familiar faces. You see things so differently now. You comment to yourself that the student body is somehow changed from that of your day—these strangers who inhabit Sorin and Corby are but mildly reminiscent of your old gang.

But the spirit of Notre Dame never changes. It is the same. Our Lady has already instilled in her sons of today the same love for her that you have. She has mothered generations of men, and now you who are old in experience come back to breathe once more her sweet air and hold communion with her spirit. You enjoy youth reincarnated.

And in a few brief hours your homecoming is over... but the memories of Notre Dame shall linger ever with you...

—J. F. S.

—NDS—

TO THOSE WHO COME BACK

TO YOU men of previous years who have come back to Notre Dame we who are at present students here extend a cordial welcome—not merely the customary welcome of a man who welcomes a friend to his house, but the welcome that men accord brothers who have been long away from home. We are glad to have you with us, every bit as glad as you are to be here.

Homecoming is built around a football game, but Homecoming is more than a football game. Homecoming is a return home,

a return to the school that we call “our school,” the only school that matters to those who have felt her influence.

There is something fine about the idea of Homecoming. It is a great emotional experience for you who come back as well as for those who welcome you back.

For you there are all the sensations that come of seeing the old place again, the old buildings, the same old classrooms, and even some of the old professors who taught you long ago. There are your old friends—the men you used to live with, the men you used to “skive” with, glad to be able to shake your hand once more, proud of whatever successes you may have achieved. You are among friends again, friends to whom you said goodbye a few or many years ago.

You will find that Notre Dame has changed physically, but you will discover that it is essentially the same Notre Dame that you knew and loved. We are not trying to get away from the Notre Dame that you knew; we are trying to perpetuate its glorious traditions.

—E. T. L.

—NDS—

THOSE WHO COULDN'T COME BACK

WITH such large crowds, and such happy crowds, it is difficult to think that many of the old students are not back. The absentees are missed most by the fortunate alumni who have returned. The reasons for the absence of ‘old familiar faces’ are many and varied. Notre Dame can be sure of one thing, however, that none of her graduates miss Homecoming without good reason.

Every year brings fresh absences which means to eagerly seeking friends that they need no longer look for Al or Frank among

the ever-increasing throngs of new faces. But still these searching friends start at the sight of a walk or a voice, or a smile, that seems familiar. And the failure to identify the friend or classmate in the throng does not stifle that strong feeling that he is at least there in spirit. Whether the alumni of Notre Dame are kept away from Homecoming by death, by illness, or by less serious reasons, those who do attend always feel as though the spirits of those absent were hovering among them. As the student body's support at the home demonstrations is transmitted to the team on foreign fields, so the spirit of the absent alumni is sent from all corners of the earth to center over Cartier Field.

Other excuses for absence are less saddening and provide much amusement for the victim's more fortunate classmates. Bill writes to say that he cannot attend because he has just taken a position that keeps him on the jump. Joe has to devote all his time and capital to his new business venture. Many of the older students find the strain of the trip and the excitement is proving too much for them, and they are convinced by well-meaning wives that they'd better stay home.

But everywhere there is the feeling that all who could come back are back and there is a genuine feeling of regret and sympathy for those who cannot return. Most of the alumni, as their participation in affairs increases and becomes more serious, find it also more difficult to leave their interests. The long distances from which the students of Notre Dame come proves a barrier to these reunions. Deaths and misfortunes are inevitable. Other interests of family life, finances, indecision until too late, and so forth, hold down the numbers at Homecoming each year. There are always many who have the pleasure of the renewal of old associations, but like a shadow at their sides is the number of those who have found it impossible. To these men who, for one reason and another, have been deprived of the pleasure of attending the Homecoming of 1924 The Scholastic extends expressions of greeting and regret, coupled with the

hope that future Homecomings may find them present.

BROTHER FLORIAN

IN the midst of Homecoming joy, there will be many of the old fellows who will remember the "guardian angel" of Brownson and St. Joseph Halls, good old Brother Florian.



BROTHER "FLO"
Died October 27, 1923

Brother "Flo" was the very spirit of Homecoming; in his great, genial body, he embodied all the traits which the returning Notre Dame man finds most attractive and most lovable in his alma mater. To those who went to him

for advice, for a faculty cigar, or for merely the opportunity to enjoy his unique and lovable companionship, this Homecoming, because of the absence of Brother "Flo," will be in part incomplete.

Unless the old fellows forget, and this is not possible, there will be at Mass on Homecoming morning, a multitude of prayers rising to heaven for Brother Florian, the "grand old patron saint of Homecoming."

—J. W. S.

THE HOMECOMING PROGRAM

Friday, 6:45 P. M.—Welcoming the Georgia Tech Team, Main Building Porch.

7:30 P. M.—Bonfire Celebration; Introduction of the Varsities of 1887 and 1924, at the Gymnasium.

8:00 P. M.—Entertainment, Gymnasium.

9:00 P. M.—Boxing Bouts, Gymnasium.
S. A. C. Dance, Palais Royale.

Saturday—6:30, 8:15, 10:15, 11:15 A. M.—
Mass, Sacred Heart Church.

11:00 A. M.—Barbecue.

2:00 P. M.—Georgia Tech. vs. Notre Dame
Cartier Field.

THEATRE NEWS

EUSTACE CULLINAN '25

Any old grads who are found playing solitaire on the mezzanine of the Oliver during Homecoming need not plead lack of other amusements as a defense. The menu of this week's entertainment contains the choicest of offerings, varying in kind so as to meet the demands of every taste. Here are but a few of the attractions which may help our visitors to pass away the hours pleasantly.

In the first place, there is the campus show, which is being held on the stage outside the gyn, to-night. Preceded by a pep meeting and monster bonfire celebration, the Homecoming festivities will begin in earnest at about 8:15 p. m. There will be Perce Connolly and his Big Five, who will supply catchy melodies in syncopation, Jack Doyle in a new dancing act, and the Saxo-Symphonists in their official campus premiere. Last, but by no means least, we will have the Notre Dame Quartet and a novelty act called the "All-University Revue" which should bring down the house.

Immediately after this show, all devotees of the manly art of give-and-take may proceed to the gym to see the final bouts which will decide the various championships of the university. Boxing professors, Charlie Springer and "Rip" Miller have charge of the tournament, and some torrid battles are assured.

As for downtown entertainment, the Palace begins its new vaudeville bill to-night, with Jim and Betty Morgan and their Collegiate Orchestra as the headliner. This act promises to bring forth many new and popular jazz numbers, to be sung by the talented Miss Betty. Henry B. Toomer Co., in a new comedy sketch, and Allen and Canfield, a song and dance pair, are also included in the list of notables.

At the Orpheum, Florence Vidor, holds

forth all week in a rather dismal offering called "Christine of the Hungry Heart." The corpulent Walter Hiers supplies whatever of the comedy element there is in this picture.

At the Blackstone we have one of our real stars, Ernest Torrence, in "The Sideshow of Life," an exceptionally fine screen production of William Locke's story, "The Montebank." Anna Q. Nilsson plays the part of the charming English heroine. As for the Blackstone vaudeville, it certainly is pretentious. The Capps Family, who modestly admit being "the world's greatest entertainers," are the headliners, followed by the Dance Carnival of 1924, and Mr. Valentine Vox and Flo Tilot in "Relaxation."

The Oliver offering this week specializes in thrills and adventure. "Captain Blood," a fitting film production of a stirring story, will be shown until Sunday. This picture, which is a romance of buccaneers and blood and sabers and fair ladies, will certainly gratify anyone who likes good film entertainment.

On next Sunday the United States Marine Band will be heard in an afternoon and an evening concert, to be held at Cartier Field and in the Notre Dame gymnasium, respectively. This performance will be a musical treat, since the Marine Band, which is one of the world's finest, is rarely heard outside the national capital. The proceeds of the concerts will be for the benefit of the Epworth and St. Joseph hospitals.

The Palace Theatre will celebrate its third anniversary on Sunday with an exceptionally strong bill. Anatole Friedlander, with a new revue called "Anatole's Affairs of 1924" will be the special attraction. Mel Klee, one of our best blackface artists, will also be on the same program with other notables.

A HOMECOMING NOCTURNE

ANSELM D. MILLER.

NIGHT and the stars and the November moon, large and opulent in yellow splendor, drifting on the billows that soft south wind makes over the tops of the eastern trees; night and the stars and the quiet campus, the large somber quiet, dotted here and there by the crunch of some returning footsteps on gravelled paths; night and the stars and occasional voices that blow from nowhere into dreams and are lost in the haze of intoxicated fancies which come trooping across the mind's well-beaten playground; night and the stars and love—the visions that young men see and old men cherish; night and the stars and the powerful spell of the half-lights, the conjurer's draught working its great mystery on the heart; here they sit under the night and the stars—classmates and comrades.

They had been boys in the old days together. Perhaps to them the old days did not seem far distant—a year, a decade—they are long at the threshold of youth, where small events are shaping eternal destinies. The old days to these two meant the dear days—the young days, the days of guitar strings and flying wedges and oar locks. These comrades had come back to their alma mater, one from the East, one from the West. It had been a glorious day for them; a day of happy greetings, renewed acquaintances, and victory. They were just returning from a reminiscent walk around the lake. The roll of the absent ones had been called and recalled, and the names that each wished left unspoken were consciously breathed in a dozen silences, the names of those who had attended the Greater Homecoming. These men were not so young that life was new to them.... The night was a joy because its reminiscences were fresh. Faces, places, fancies passed them in bright review. Filled with the witchery of the night and its brew, in a silence that fell gently between the pair, the younger man began an old song that had been the outlet for their effervescent spirits in the other days. Then they had roared it out, dwelling on the cadences, bearing down on the rude and imperfect sequences of har-

mony, and welling forth their youthful exuberance in a bubble of song. Now they were glad when the verses ended, that they might clear their throats and catch a breath as the song went on—

*"How the old folks would enjoy it!
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening
By the moonlight."*

They crooned rather than sang the ballad; there was no spring, no clink of youth to the voices as they sighed the old song. The last words passed unheeded from their lips. After the song, they sat listening to the ripples of sound that beat upon the shore of the night.

Suddenly, across the campus, from a group of happy, returning students, came a song. The comrades had not known it in the old days; they stopped mute. It was such a lusty song; the notes were so full of animal vigor—

*"Oh, it's the Hike! Hike! to victory,
The call to rise and strike,
For Notre Dame men are winning
When Notre Dame hears "Hike! Hike!
Hike!"*

"Sounds like the old fight, doesn't it?" said one of the listeners when the last "Hike!" had echoed and re-echoed across the quad.

The voice that replied was drowned in the other's ears by a new burst of song, this time the Victory March. The two friends knew this song; they had joined in singing it at the game that day. But now they stood with bared heads and listened to the younger voices.

*"What though the odds be great or small,
Old Notre Dame will win over all,
While her loyal sons are marching
Onward to Victory."*

The two men stood silent, and the stars gleamed through moist eyes. There was a lull in the singing. Neither man spoke for a while, then a voice said:

"It was good, wasn't it?—like the old spirit."

"Yes—the old spirit. I guess it still lives."

"Reminds me of old times. I wish they would go on singing."

Then from a bit farther away, over by old Sorin came the song—

*"In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear the banjos ringing;
In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those voices singing.
How the old folks would enjoy it
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening
By the moonlight."*

That was the last song. The comrades stood a few moments longer with lumpy throats, and then, arm-in-arm, walked toward their cars. At the parting of the ways the song that each had been humming in his mind tried to find their lips. . . .

"How the old folks—

It broke then, in a nervous laugh and a flash of interrogatory silence. Then. . . .

"Yes, Jim—you see it too."

And he who was spoken to replied, "I knew you would understand."

"I suppose, Jim, we are the old folks. It is our part now to "sit all night and listen."

"To listen and dream, Joe—I think we never understood the words before."

And so they parted, there under the night and the stars, and each fumbled over and over again in his heart that new phrase, "old folks." While the tune gamboled lightly thru a dozen hearts that night and chased lovers' phantasies out into the star-dimpled field of dreams, out in the night and the moon and the quiet campus—still and sweet and wistful as an absent sweetheart's musings—herself gazing out at the moonlit night.

THE LAST HOMECOMING

"What's the date, Mary, the First?

Does the doctor say I may go?

Oh!—Why there are some of the boys now!

There's Ed, and Charley, and Joe—

Look, Mary, the team's coming out on the field—

They're lighter than our teams were.

It's too bad the day's so foggy, Mary—

Everything seems in a blur—

Who's that running around left end, Mary?

It's Joe's son, Bob, on my soul!

And look at the youngster travel, Mary—

By George, he's crossed the goal!

The game must be over, Mary—

The crowds—seem fading—away—

Well, glad you could go—with me—Mary—

I—wanted—to see them—play."

—ANON



"Rock"

-:- SPORTS -:-

Rockne's Men Capture East

Desperately that Princeton team did struggle to halt the meteoric rush of the Irish fighters. The great Nassau Tiger, clawing madly, could not bring down that flashy Notre Dame backfield and again "Rock's" men dashed to victory over a great Eastern foe. The Junglemen fell a 12-0 victim of the scintillating attacks of the "backfield supreme" of football.

Forty-five thousand football enthusiasts saw Jimmy Crowley repeatedly bob away from the Tiger men for runs of five to thirty-five yards. These spectators also saw the flying backfield mates, Layden, Miller, and Stuhldreher, come through with their quota of boots, passes and runs which jarred the stubborn Princeton gridders into defeat for the second consecutive year. It was a masterful exhibition of football by a light fighting team against a far heavier fighting team, but the dash and speed of Notre Dame were too much for the dazed Eastern eleven.

On no less than four occasions did the great team crash its way down the field with the faltering Princeton giving way in front of it. Two of these crushing drives were successful when, in both instances, the striving Crowley bounded over the Tiger goal. The other fighting backs aided materially in Crowley's successful jaunts over the goal line.

The Princeton defeat was brought about

after the manner of the Army victory of the previous week. It was a fast running attack directed around the ends, off-tackle and through the center with a regularity and



CAPTAIN ADAM WALSH

"Ad" Walsh, Notre Dame's giant center, has been declared by many Eastern sport critics "the greatest center of all time." His wonderful play in the Army game, despite a broken hand, has become Notre Dame football history.

speed with which the Nassau men could not cope. The forward pass was always handy when needed which added to the bewilderment of the Jersey lads and aided in their complete rout.

The scoring did not come until the second period when one of Crowley's afore-mentioned dashes capped a successful flight down



WEIBEL



KIZER

the field, while Jimmy's second finishing run came as the climax of another great march in the final quarter. While Notre Dame was bringing its scoring team into action, Princeton at no time threatened the Irish goal. Not once did the Tigers succeed in getting nearer than the thirty yard line.

The Notre Dame line again showed to good advantage against a heavier defense. In the absence of Captain Walsh from the lineup Joe Bach was the bulwark of the Notre Dame forward wall. Bach played one of the best games since he donned an Irish uniform. He succeeded in stopping play after play with "striking regularity." There was need of a fight such as Bach displayed for the revengeful Jungleers fought wildly to wipe out the 25-2 defeat of a year ago. They were fighting mad, those Roper men, and even in the face of impending defeat they battled on, a true tribute to any team. It was fight to the final whistle for them.

—NDS—

Homecoming thousands will see the great Irish team battle the "Golden Tornadoes" of the South. Twice before Notre Dame has lowered the colors of the Yellow Jackets who bring with them the dangerous Wycoff. It will be a worthy game for the "old grads" who will have an opportunity to see the "Wonder Team" of football in action.

TIGERS COPE IN VAIN

GEORGE TREVOR.

(Staff Correspondent of The Eagle.)

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 25.—Don't ever laugh again at the movie magnate who refused to accept "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for production because he thought the public was tired of football stories. After watching Crowley, Miller and Layden do their stuff in the Palmer Memorial Stadium this afternoon, no one need wonder that Victor Hugo has been more or less lost in the shuffle.

The halfbacks of Notre Dame ran riot in defeating the mediocre looking Princeton by the score of 12—0, a tally which by no means represents the overwhelming superiority of the Westerners. Rockne's Rockets roamed like wraiths over the cross-barred field to pile up the staggering totals of 20 first downs by rushing, for an aggregate of 350 yards. Bare statistics make dry reading, but one simply must understand the figures in order to appreciate the complete ascendancy obtained by the gentlemen from Indiana.

Only a crushing series of penalties and a distressing succession of fumbles prevented Notre Dame from rolling up four touchdowns instead of two. Despite the misleading score, Princeton was never in the running. Until Weekes came in at halfback, the Tiger offensive was a pathetic thing to contemplate, the plays being smothered at the goal line with uniform regularity.



COLLINS



RIP MILLER

Princeton employed the Nebraska defense against Rockne's lightning sweeps and slants, the tackles playing extremely wide after the fashion taught by Coach Fred Dawson. This defense, far more intelligently conceived than that shown by the Army, proved futile in the face of the cyclonic speed unleashed by Harry Stuhldreher, the master mind of the Notre Dame eleven. As well try to halt a Kansas cyclone as to stem the blue wave from Notre Dame which breaks with thrashing violence on the luckless defensive ends and tackles.

Worked Hop Shift Like a Machine.

That neatly timed hop-shift was working with the precision of a turbine engine. The four Notre Dame backs, aligned in box formation, timed their jump to a nicety. As the ball was passed, they halted with a click for just the fraction of a second called for by the rules. Then the interferers leaped ahead, clearing out the Tiger defenders as a forest of fire licks up dry underbrush. Beside the take-out man heading the tandem, Rockne threw a roving guard against Princeton's loose tackle.

In a compact cluster, the Notre Dame backs swept around the Tiger ends or cut back viciously through tackle, the interferers mopping up the secondaries as the Yanks once mopped up the German "pill boxes." It was fascinating to sit high up in the towering press box and watch Stuhldreher mani-

pulate his men as Capablanca moves his pawns.

Now it is Elmer Layden, the human mole,



STUHLDRER



LAYDEN

on a bullet like plunge through the heart of the brawny Tiger line. Layden who skims so close to the turf that one expects to see his neck snapped off, Layden who keeps churning ahead with three Princeton tacklers draped on his back, Layden who leans so far forward that he seems to be nose diving instead of running.

Each of the Backs Shows His Worth.

Now it is Don Miller's turn, Miller with the speed of the antelope and the elusiveness of the serpent, Miller who sneaks his way through would-be tacklers, twisting his hips away from their desperate lunges, back jumping and writhing like a hulahula dancer under the influence of rock brandy.

Now it is Jim Crowley's chance, Crowley the whirling dervish, Crowley the fighter, who literally claws his way through the heart of the melee; Crowley who deliberately offers a tackler his foot and then withdraws it; Crowley who refuses to be stopped even when three pairs of orange-striped arms are clutching his blue jersey.

Verily here is the mythical all-American backfield translated into reality; the dream of a Walter Camp come true. No wonder Rockne pops up and down on the side-lines as he sees his outriders in the blue drifting, ghost-like, through the crumbling orange wall; no wonder, Capt. Adam Walsh forgets the pain in his bandaged hands as he leans



CROWLEY



MILLER

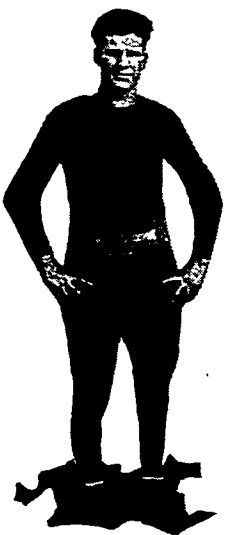
forward from his seat on the bench, his face tense with emotion; no wonder the thousands of loyal Catholic rooters massed in the west stand, wave their azure-blue banners and shriek hysterically. This is a great team, gentlemen; an investment of beautiful precision, an outfit that hits like the hammer of Thor, a balanced blend of power and deception, force and finesse; a typical Rockne team and *ipso facto* one of the greatest elevens of the modern era.

Plays Same Trick He Did With Army.

Rockne sprang a foxy trick on the brawny Princeton eleven right at the start of the game. He took a chance which almost cost him dear. He gambled on his entire second team to halt Princeton for one whole period, and the subs showed their beloved master that his faith was not misplaced. We have never before seen any coach start his entire second string in a supposedly major game.

Figuratively speaking, it was a direct slap at Princeton's face. It was a neat bit of psychology, for once Princeton found that the South Bend subs could stop her varsity combination, the Tigers were seized with an inferiority complex that settled the issue then and there. Rockne must have snickered up his sleeve as he sat on the bench and watched his subs play the Tiger regulars to a standstill.

Meanwhile the Princeton players realized that Notre Dame had a lethal charge of cordite, lyddite and T. N. T. bottled up on the sidelines in the sinewy persons of Miller, Crowley and Layden. Sly fox that he is,



BACH



CROWE



CONNELL



CERNEY

Rockne knew that his three musketeers were chafing under this enforced inactivity, that they were clamping at the bit, eager to be up and at 'em.

Now It's Turn For the Regulars.

As the first quarter ended, the crowd was treated to a unique sight. Rockne rose from his bench, gesturing with his right hand. With a concerted bound, the eleven Hoosier regulars tossed aside their blankets and raced like whippets into the field, while the stadium thundered its ovation.

"Here come the regulars," shouted from a thousand Notre Dame throats. "Watch 'em go."

As the sweat-smeared subs trooped off the field, Captain Walsh personally slapped each man on the back and thanked him for his valiant effort. Now the fun began. It was chunky Stuhldreher who started it by catching the Tiger punt and speeding 35 yards up the field. If you have seen a raindrop flit down a window pane, now halting momentarily, now darting ahead, you can conjure up a mental picture of Stuhldreher's whirlwind run.

Opening up his batteries, the Hoosier quarter sent Miller and Layden knifing through the Tiger line until the 8-yard mark was reached. A touchdown would have followed for Notre Dame is one team which does not lose its punch when the goal line draws nigh, had not Layden fumbled the ball. The South Bend bullet had actually broken clear through the Tiger defense



HARMON



EATON

when the slippery ball popped out of his hands.

Up the Field Again in Quick Order.

A Tiger fell on the pigskin. From behind his goal line, Slagle punted to mid-field. That's supposed to be well out of danger, but when Notre Dame has the ball, any point past mid-field is a scoring zone. It took the rollicking Irish exactly five plays once more to put those 50 yards behind them. A well-concealed forward pass, Stuhldreher to Miller, lopped off some 20 yards. Then came a low plunge by Layden, the human mole, who burrowed through center like a swimmer executing the crawl. Crowley completed the job, fighting his way through five Tiger tacklers to fall headlong across the line.

On this thrilling play, the hopshift shook Crowley past the primary line of defense. He went the rest of the way on his own, squirming, writhing, back jumping and shining like a pin-wheel. Jim is Irish and just naturally refused to listen to reason. Notre Dame's try for goal was blocked. Rockne seems to have overlooked the factor of providing protection for his kicker. Still, under the circumstances, we are inclined to forgive him. He taught his boys everything but how to find the fourth demension. On this blocked kick, the Tiger guards pulled Notre Dame's center forward on his face and let Princeton's pivot man through.

Just before the half ended Dignan of Princeton forgot to keep his fists in check, and was immediately expelled for slugging, Notre Dame getting half the distance to the goal

line. The game was as full of penalties as a Swiss-cheese has holes. The referee was unduly finicky and called "holding" and "off-side" on almost every play.

March Up Field for 80 Yards.

The second half had barely started ere Notre Dame unleashed the best sustained advance of the afternoon, carrying the ball from her own 20-yard line clear across the enemy goal. Unfortunately for Notre Dame, this touchdown does not show in the score, for the referee's eagle eye detected holding on the play wherein Don Miller sneaked his way over the goal.

Elmer Layden was the hero of this superb 80-yard advance, at one time shooting through big holes for 17 yards. Layden was ably assisted by Crowley and Miller, who sneaked their way past Tiger tacklers in their own inimitable fashion.

Notre Dame's second touchdown came at the start of the final period., after a 70-yard march. Yards meant nothing to the Indiana typhoon. Layden, Crowley and Miller took turns in skirting the Tiger flanks or wriggling through broad avenues in the line. Crowley's final stab for a touchdown was uncanny. At least four Princeton tacklers hit him cleanly, but he twisted and fought his way through them all. Jim ran with knees flung



REESE



JERRY MILLER

TOM LIEB—*Assistant Varsity Coach*

high, twirling from the hips in a tantalizing fashion. Again Notre Dame's attempt at goal was blocked.

On the following kickoff the Hoosiers astounded the critics by pulling the old flying wedge. It didn't work very well, but it gave old-timers a real thrill. Again, the blue parade started. This time Don Miller slipped off tackle for a hair-raising dash of 35 yards. Don back-jumped his way past three Tiger tacklers.

Battered Layden Is Finally Stopped.

One of the few forward passes that Rockne's men resorted to next carried the ball close to the goal. Discarding his flashy stuff, Stuhldreher now used Layden as a battering ram. Just before the goal line was reached Layden was knocked cold. He was still groggy as he regained his feet, but Stuhldreher called on him for the final plunge notwithstanding. It was bad judgment. Layden was so goofy he didn't know which way the goal lay. Princeton stopped him before he

could dive and took the ball on downs right on the goal line.

As the gentle Jersey twilight enveloped the players the whistle shrilled, ending the game. Princeton had waged a game but futile fight against a team that knew more foot-

GEORGE KEOGAN—*Freshman Coach*

ball than the Tigers have ever known or will ever know. As a coach Knute Rockne begins where most of the other mentors leave off.

Beacons are burning along the banks of the Wabash tonight, where the sycamores whisper beneath a pale Indiana moon. Rockne has scored his second "double." Once again he has taken Army and Princeton within the space of 14 days.

Princeton was lucky that the score was not twice as much.

This was no sluggish, poorly equipped Navy team that the jungle cats were up against, but a first class, splendidly drilled and conditioned aggregation with a consistent running attack built on speed and deception.

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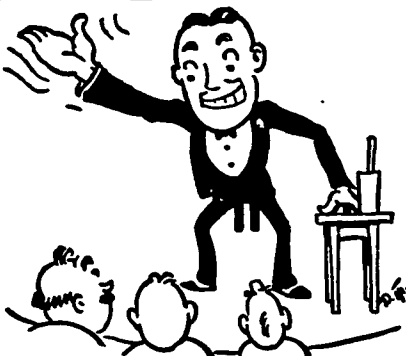
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Through the courtesy of Adler Brothers, South Bend, five students will attend the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech football game, November twenty-ninth at Pittsburgh. All expenses will be paid including a box seat at the game. Interest is running high with a number of clubs endeavoring to get their representative among the lucky five.

Attention is called to the fact that the Varsity Supply Store, on the east side of Sophomore Hall is open until eleven o'clock nightly to serve any student after the "Caf" is closed.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

BILL REID, '26.

His name, until last Saturday, was practically unknown to fandom, but now the deeds and faithfulness of Joe Harmon are known everywhere.

When Joe was called upon to fill the shoes of "lion hearted" Adam Walsh, he was confronted with a big job. But they were well padded with advice from "Rock," and Joe's pent up ambition. The "Tigers" looked for an opening in the center of the line—they made three first downs all afternoon.

—N D S—

Tomorrow is amidst the glamor and color of homecoming, the "Golden Tornado" will appear on Cartier Field. This time it is a team strengthened by another year's experience. You may recall Wyckoff who crossed our line last year.

—N D S—

So many praises have been written about our backfield one wonders if more tributes remain to be made.

Crowley was deceptive, elusive, and forceful. Layden was like a piston, hitting the line with effective regularity for gains of four, seven, or eighteen yards. Beside these two ran Miller the "threat," who caused mental anguish to Princeton by his mere presence. Directing this trio was the little Napoleon with hands on hips as he barked the signals. When Harry saw Princeton's tackles lay wide to cut off end runs, he shot his "comets" into the line and off tackle, varying the attack with a pass now and then.

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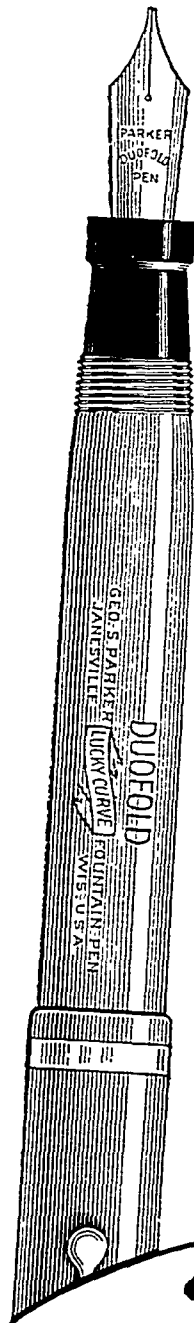
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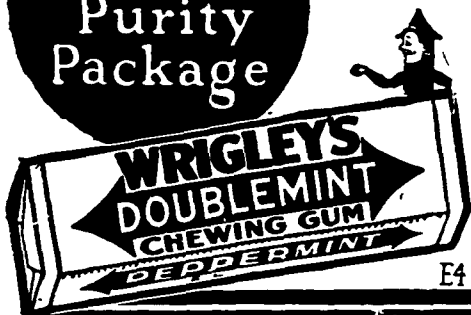
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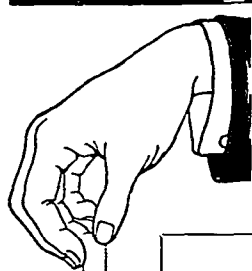
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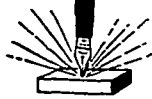
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